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gropings now. She turns her material and re-turns it, and overhauls it in every direction, that by new accidental combinations some better order may emerge. And she expects all her followers, more or less, to help in the process. This state of things will probably last a good while yet, and may have to get worse before it gets better. Practitioners and students will still be impelled to learn a mass of scattered and unapplied matter, merely from a vague hope that it *may* at some unforeseen moment prove of practical account. But there will be a continual process of "settling" all the while too. *Applied physiology* will tend to increase at a more and more rapid rate; and finally will form, like applied chemistry, a body of knowledge having a certain roundness of its own. Within its bounds the medical man may disport himself at greater ease than he does at present over the larger and more uncertain field of the undifferentiated lore; while the physiologist *pure* will be a wholly independent character, and reign undisturbed in his peculiar heights. Perhaps when the millennium arrives, the practical physician will be able to use his formulas without needing to know any more of the "science" of physiology than the navigator now knows of the way the tables he uses were constructed, or the manufacturing chemist of types, substitutions, or compound radicals. At present, if he have any ambition, he must start with an education which (whether literary or not) must be as thoroughly physical as that of the engineer and miner, and then economize his faculties of acquisition as well as he is able.

To conclude, it is interesting to find two men starting from such different points as Dr. Holmes and Professor Bernard come to so similar a conclusion, namely, that scientific medicine and practical medicine must be allowed, as rapidly as possible, to become materially independent of each other.

8.—*Life and Letters of Madame Swetchine*. By COUNT DE FALLLOUX of the French Academy. Translated by H. W. PRESTON. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1867. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 369.

THIS book is a translation of the first volume of a work published some six years ago under the title of *Madame Swetchine: sa Vie et ses Œuvres*. The work attracted great attention, and was followed by the publication of Mme. Swetchine's letters and literary fragments to the number of six volumes. The account of the author's life, which introduced this immense mass of literary matter, is particularly well written, and has been judged worthy of being laid

before American readers. How American readers will like it we are at loss to conjecture; but we cannot help thinking that Mme. Swetchine's history will lose much of its charm and its interest in being transplanted into the alien atmosphere of the English tongue. Mme. Swetchine was the centre of a *coterie* narrowly limited in its extent and its influence, and generated by a form of society of which no likeness exists in America. This is so true, that, even in reading her biography and her letters in the original French, an American is acutely sensible of the remoteness of the ideas and the character which they present to his mind, and of the existence of an impassable barrier between the possibilities of American life and the charms and perfections of Mme. Swetchine's circle. In their English dress these things wear a very grotesque and anomalous look. If he wishes, therefore, to get the best possible notion of Mme. Swetchine, we advise the reader to have recourse to the French publications, and, if he cannot read French, not to meddle with her until he has acquired the language. Detract from this remarkable woman her *specific* element, — her French culture, her French style, and the various delicate associations which it invokes, — and you take from her what is by far best worth knowing. There can be no greater mistake in taste, in our opinion, then to claim for her virtues a general value, and for her example a general application. To do so, indeed, is to prove that one has studied her life to but little purpose. "If every bigoted disliker of the Roman Catholic Church," writes Mr. Alger, in his Preface, "could read this book, and, as a consequence, have his prejudices lessened, his sympathies enlarged, the result, so far from being deprecated, should be warmly welcomed." Such a result, assuredly, would have been welcomed neither by Mme. Swetchine nor by her associates. To enlarge peoples' sympathies was no part of her desire nor of her mission. If one were a good Catholic, one had always sympathies enough. What Mme. Swetchine would have welcomed would have been an exchange of the reader's actual sympathies for those which she herself indulged; but the indefinite extension of the moral and intellectual horizon indicated in Mr. Alger's words finds no place in her programme.

In spite of her having contributed half a dozen volumes octavo to French literature, and spent the greater part of her life in Paris, Mme. Swetchine was a Russian by birth and descent. Prolonged as her life was into the second half of the present century, the reader needs to remind himself that it began in the full tide of the old European society. She was born at Moscow in 1782, of the union of two distinguished families. Her father, M. Soymonof, being summoned to St. Petersburg while she was still a child, to occupy an important position at

court, she was brought up in the best society and with every material advantage. In her sixteenth year she was appointed maid of honor to the Empress Mary, second wife of the Emperor Paul, son and successor of the great Catherine, and grandfather of the Emperor Nicholas. In her seventeenth year a marriage was arranged for her with General Swetchine, an officer of merit, but her senior by twenty-five years, he having reached the age of forty-two. To this arrangement Mlle. Soymonof accommodated herself with that perfect submissiveness to her constituted directors which was to be one of her main characteristics through life, and which, accompanied as it was by a perfect intelligence of the case in point, was to form in her career an element of no small strength. Mme. Swetchine was one of those firm and exquisitely tempered natures which can afford to bend; there was no fear of her breaking. Her marriage, in fact, was a happy one. With few sympathies in common, M. and Mme. Swetchine maintained, during a long succession of years, an implicit regard for each other's pursuits and convictions.

M. de Falloux gives an excellent picture of the complexion of the society about the Russian court during the first ten years of the century. The capital was largely frequented by French exiles, members of the French nobility, for whom there was no place under the *régime* of Napoleon. M. de Falloux is a charming writer, but he is a conservative, and he looks back with tender glances upon the persons and things of the French Monarchy. It is very possible, therefore, that he flings a rosy mantle over the dignity of this little circle of aristocratic fugitives. The group, however, certainly contained one important figure, — the illustrious Count Joseph de Maistre, Ambassador of the King of Sardinia, and the most impassioned and resolute of the defenders of religious ultramontanism. Accredited by a poverty-stricken court, and from a kingdom barely sure from day to day of its existence, without resources of his own, separated from his family, and oppressed by the influence of a climate as rigorous as that of his own country was mild, the Count de Maistre prolonged his stay in St. Petersburg through a hundred grievous embarrassments, with the constant purpose of keeping warm, on behalf of the national existence of his own countrymen, the animosity of the Russian government against Napoleon, and with such assistance and comfort as he derived from his studies and his religious convictions. He formed an intimate acquaintance with Mme. Swetchine, and repaid by an almost paternal tenderness and a sincere regard and esteem the admiration which she yielded to his distinguished gifts and character. To the end of her days, Mme. Swetchine kept apart in her memory a place for his image, and looked

upon him as the author of much of that which eventually grew to be her great happiness.

The origin of a great movement is, of its whole history, the point most difficult to determine. Mme. Swetchine's conversion to Romanism fairly deserves, in a psychological sense, the name of a great movement; but its rise and growth can have been intimately known only to herself. Mme. Swetchine was nothing of an egotist; it was not her practice to descant to her friends upon the secret and exquisite process of her religious development. It is in her letters to Mlle. de Stourdza, a cherished friend attached to the person of the wife of the Emperor Alexander, that her doubts begin to betray themselves. One feels at least that her genius is beginning to expand; that religion is daily becoming a more imperious necessity in her life; and that although, as she says, from the age of nineteen (she is now thirty), when she threw herself into the arms of God, she has practised the most implicit and most fervent piety, she is at present prepared to bring to the subject the light of her ripened faculties, and the ardor of a soul which has fathomed the depth of worldly pleasures.

In the month of June, 1815, while all Europe was thrilling with the *dénouement* of the great Napoleonic drama, Mme. Swetchine took a step at once deeply significant of the intensity of her religious pre-occupations, and prophetic of the position which she was from that moment forward to fill, — far aloft on the lonely heights of contemplation and remote from the surging, eddying current of the age, and the turmoil of our actual interests and tendencies. She had resolved upon a firm and patient effort to conjure faith out of her doubts, and to solve the problem of the relative merits of the Greek and Latin churches. She had determined not to content herself with data received at second-hand, but to examine personally the most minute existing evidence and the highest authorities. She obtained the use of a country-house near St. Petersburg, belonging to one of her friends, and thither she transported herself, with her books and her adopted daughter, Mlle. de Staëline, for all society. Her venture was of course criticised by such of her friends as were admitted to her confidence, and among others by the Count de Maistre, who would have had her take the matter more easily, and await the visitation of the Supreme truth, rather than embark on so arduous a journey in pursuit of it. He urged upon his young friend's consciousness the immensity of her enterprise in an intellectual sense, and its sterile and unprofitable character so far as moral and spiritual effects were concerned, and drew up a terrible map of the ground she would have to traverse, with all the Fathers and historians and Church records in the centre, and the Greek and Latin tongues at

either end. "He supposed himself," says M. de Falloux, "to be uttering a defiance. He was but tracing a programme which was followed in detail." Mme. Swetchine listened, bent her head, smiled discreetly, and applied herself to her work. The amount of labor which she achieved during the ensuing summer is something truly remarkable. She had accurately measured her own powers; she felt that she had a strong head. She had, indeed, never been afraid of study. An immense collection of note-books, extracts, and memoranda of her early reading remains, to bear witness both to its serious character and its great extent. So in reading, writing, thinking, and praying she passed these weeks which were to remain the eventful weeks of her life, and to set the seal on the rest of her career. Later, Mme. Swetchine used to speak with enthusiasm of occasionally "plunging into a bath of metaphysics." It was during this memorable summer that she made good her right to speak with authority, both of the pleasures and pains of hard and continuous thought. How likely this course of study may have been thought beforehand to contain the germ of its actual results, we are not in a position to say. All we know with certainty is, that Mme. Swetchine came out from her retirement with a conviction of the validity of the claims of the Romish Church, of the force of the historical evidence of its divine establishment, and of its adherence to the sacred principles of its foundation, which she never afterwards allowed to be shaken. Not only in the present, but in the past and in the future, the Catholic Church was for Mme. Swetchine the sole reality — the omnipotent fact — in history. We may differ from her conclusions, but we are obliged to admit that they are indeed conclusions, and that they were purchased at the expense of her dearest treasure, — the essential energies of her mind and heart. Mme. Swetchine had staked her happiness upon the truth which she finally embraced. It is not uncommon for people to die for their faith: Mme. Swetchine lived emphatically for hers.

We have not the space to trace in detail the remainder of Mme. Swetchine's history. We will rapidly indicate its chief incidents. With her conversion and her consequent removal to Paris her life may be said really to begin; but it becomes at the same time so uniform in its character, and so monotonous in its expression, that it offers but a limited field for narration. Before her final settlement in the French capital, Mme. Swetchine made a journey to Italy, and subsequently two journeys to Russia: otherwise her time was spent, from the day of her arrival to that of her death, in her residence in the Faubourg St. Germain, in the discharge of her innumerable religious duties, in the practice of "good works," and above all in the maintenance of her *salon*.

It was through her *salon*, during her lifetime, that her influence was chiefly exerted ; she made no claims to literary distinction, and, although she was forever writing, she never published. Her social influence was of course gradually achieved. M. de Falloux gives a singularly perfect and graphic account of it, as it existed from 1820 to 1840. His narrative is of course that of an *habitué*, one of the initiated, one who was in a manner under the pledge and under the charm ; but it may be cordially recommended to the reader on the condition that he will afterwards read the two articles of M. Sainte-Beuve, where he will find the subtle spirit of profane criticism carried into the very heart of the sanctuary, and twitching the consecrated garments of the priestess. M. Sainte-Beuve is doubtless the least bit malicious ; but M. de Falloux is the least bit superstitious, and the two faults balance each other.

During these twenty years of active influence, Mme. Swetchine's life was one of real labor. Hard work seems to have been the great necessity of her being. She rose early, went to mass, visited certain of her poor, and was at home again by eight o'clock. From this hour to three she ostensibly shut herself up in her study, and applied herself to her books and papers ; but we are assured that the importunity of her friends and pensioners was so great that these precious hours were constantly invaded. From three to six she threw open her *salon* to the first of her two categories of visitors. At six she dined. At nine she again received her friends, until the small hours of the night. Such was her daily programme, — diversified by frequent visits to the chapel, which, by special permission, she had established in an apartment adjoining her drawing-room. The relations between the chapel and the drawing-room were frequent and intimate, and we receive the impression of a constant gliding to and fro between the two apartments.

The reader will see to how large a degree Mme. Swetchine had simplified her life. She had eliminated the profane element, or at least reduced it to a narrow marginal relation to the great central object. Her originality, and her great merit, to our mind, is, that thoroughly attached as she was to the world to come, she maintained on its behalf the dignity of our actual life. It is difficult to say whether she had more of imagination or of tact, more of intellectual passion or of self-control. Her soul was the soul of an ardent devotee, — her reason was equally strong and subtle, — her mind was that of a woman of the world. Her religious conceptions are of the exquisitely transcendental sort ; and one feels that, if she had surrendered herself to her imagination, she would have drifted into exalted asceticism and into a passionate indifference to a worldly equilibrium. Some of her letters reveal that heavy perfume of mysticism, that intensity of contemplation, in which one detects

the fatal insanity of piety. But Mme. Swetchine was, after all, herself, and the juxtaposition of her chapel and her drawing-room symbolizes very well the constitution of her mind. She had practically reconciled the two spheres of our thought,—the natural and the supernatural,—and she made them play into each other's hands. She was a most efficient link between the Church and the world.

Of her literary character there is not a great deal to be said. She writes well, often with eloquence, and always with subtilty and neatness ; but the general public need feel under no obligation to assist M. de Falloux and her friends in making her an author in spite of herself. Of the many volumes from her pen which have been given to the world, the first alone (her letters with M. de Falloux's connecting narrative) will repay the perusal of any but the really curious reader. Women of grosser spiritual texture and of a life less harmoniously balanced have written much better. Mme. Swetchine will linger in the memory chiefly as a person of an exquisite temper and of rich moral endowments. She will serve as an example of the large capacities of this poor human nature which she wished to hide from sight in the divine.

9.—*Tenth Annual Report of the Columbia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, for the Year ending June 30, 1867.* Washington, D. C. 1867. pp. 58.

THE particular value of this Report over those which have preceded it from the Government School for Deaf Mutes in Washington is due to the account which it contains of the European schools of the same class. Mr. Edward Gallaudet, a son of the founder of the first permanent deaf-mute school in America, is the President of the Columbia Institution, and has visited during the past year upwards of forty of the European schools, including the oldest and best known establishments in all parts of Europe, for the especial purpose of learning by actual inspection what place is assigned to articulation in the method of teaching there. As the general result of this inspection, Mr. Gallaudet says :—

“ In the somewhat extended examinations of the leading deaf-mute schools of Europe, no one point has produced a deeper impression upon my mind than the extent to which the teaching of articulation has been introduced into localities where it was formerly denied admission. The institutions of France, Belgium, Italy, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark, originally pursuing the natural method” (meaning the method of signs), “now cultivate articulation vigorously and effectively.”—p. 50.